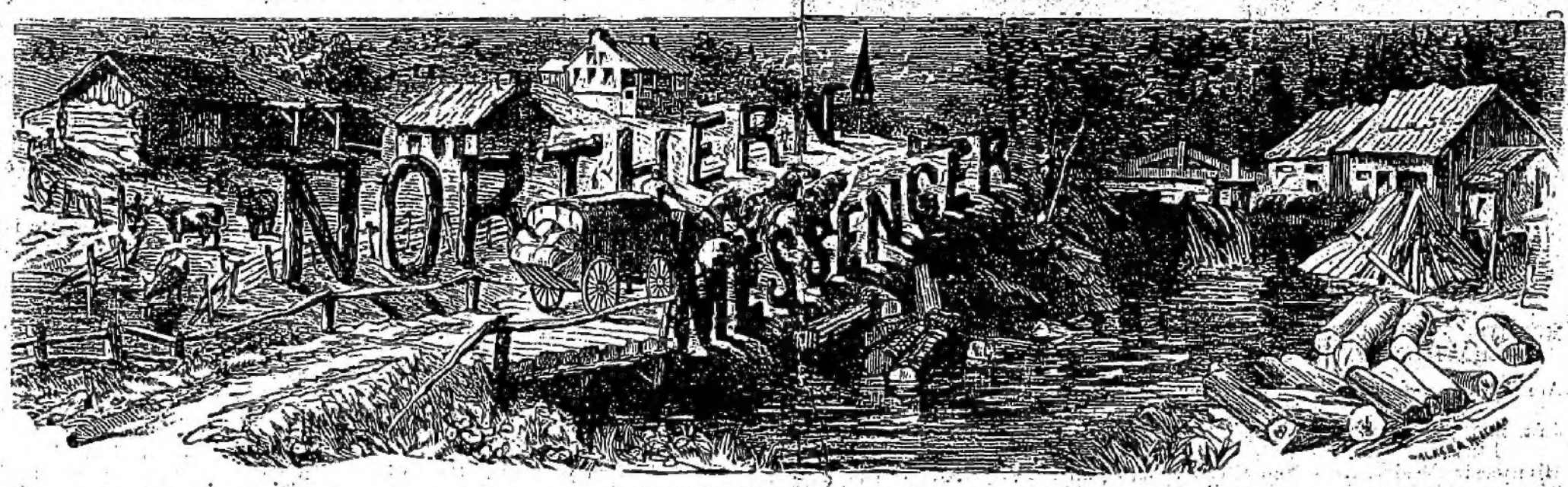


DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XVIII., No. 17. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1883. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

THE RANCHIL, OR PIGMY MUSK.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

About four years ago a ship was on her return trip from Singapore to New York with a cargo of pepper and spices. When passing through the Straits of Sunda she was met and surrounded by the usual fleet of native bum boats laden with fruits and curiosities. Among the miscellaneous cargo of these sea peddlers' boats one had aboard some of the most graceful, beautiful creatures one could well imagine—five full grown, live deer not larger than small rabbits. The captain of our "Janet Ferguson" after some parley succeeded in purchasing them, giving in exchange an old silver watch. The ship's carpenter soon built for them a convenient little house, about the dimensions of a small dog house, with "Deer Lodge" neatly painted over the door, and in these comfortable quarters the little midgets made in safety a voyage of 136 days, becoming great favorites with the crew. One fawn was born during the trip, but when discovered by the mate of the vessel the buck had eaten off its legs and it was dead.

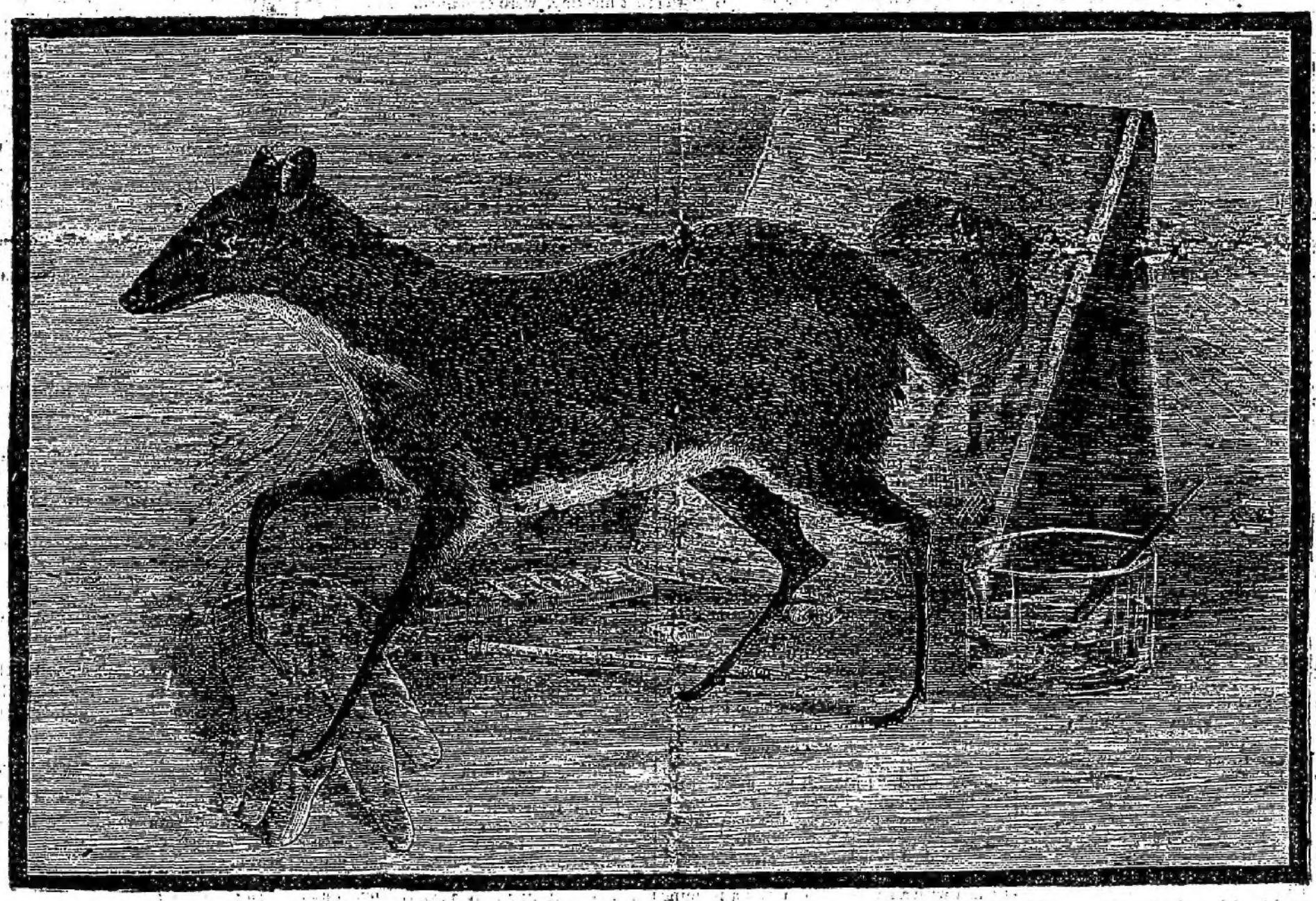
Arriving off Sandy Hook the "Janet Ferguson" encountered a cold wintry gale, all hands were kept busy, and during the confusion three of the little creatures that had managed to escape from their snug little house perished with the cold. Immediately after arriving at port the fourth, a fine buck, fell a victim to the (to them) inhospitable climate. The only survivor, a beautiful doe, represented in the above drawing came into my possession; but she only lived about a week. In spite of all my care she too expired, killed by the cold breath of our New York winter.

She was a timid little creature, and although perfectly tame objected to being handled, but she would take food from my hand and allow me to stroke her back. She had the pose and action of our ordinary deer. When watching her as she leaped over a footstool, or stood, head erect, with one forefoot gracefully poised, in an eager listening attitude, or crept timidly and stealthily close to the wall and behind the articles of furniture, it was difficult to realize that it was a real live deer.

The pigmy musk is common in the peninsula of Malacca and the neighboring islands, frequenting the thickets.

The Malays prize them both as articles of food and as domestic pets. It is of this species that a rather doubtful story is told to the effect that when closely pursued by the hounds they will leap into the overhanging branches of some friendly tree, and hang suspended by their large canine teeth until the two eager foe rushes by, then dropping to the ground they will calmly retrace their steps. It is said that the creatures can make most extraordinary leaps, and that they display great cunning. They have no musk bag, and like the rest of the family are destitute of horns. The antlers we see upon stuffed specimens in the windows of the taxidermis tare artificial.

The doe in my possession measured 15 inches in length; the head rather large, being 4½ inches from point behind the ears to tip of its nose; nose movable, always wet and cold like a pointer dog, and like that dog possesses a keen scent. The teeth were short, slender, and sharp, and, unlike the buck's, did not extend below the lips. The ten inch mark upon the rule came above the highest part of her back. The legs were extremely delicate: a Faber lead pencil looked thick and clumsy beside them. The tiny hoofs only measured two-eighths of an inch at the broadest part, where the cloven parts united. The color is general reddish brown, darker upon the back, where the hairs are tipped with black; an indistinct dark band runs from a point between the ears to nose; rather stiff gray hairs upon the sides and back of the neck; fawn colored sides; three white streaks on the under part of the neck; soft white hair upon the belly and the anterior upper part of the hind legs and the posterior upper part of the fore limbs; the lower jaw is also white.—*Scientific American.*



THE RANCHIL, OR PYGMY MUSK.

Temperance Department.

MRS. DALE'S INTERVIEW WITH THE CHAPLAIN OF THE GAOL

Are you the gaol chaplain, sir? Sir, you had better
Just first please to read my minister's letter;
His name in the almanac, sir, you will see,
The reverend Charles Thomson, of West Branksomelea.
I'll no keep you long, sir, I'll no take a seat,
I'm no tired, I didna come here on my feet;
Our neighbor, John Brown, he lent me his cart,
And he drove it himsel', oh, bless his kind heart.
I see, sir, the letter has told you all clear,
Of the terrible grief that has brought me down here;
Yes, sir, I'm the mother of poor Thomas Dale,
The lad that last Friday was put into gaol.
It's the drink, sir, the drink, that has ruined my boy,
The pride of our hearts, of our household, the joy.
The first in his class, and the foremost at fun,
He learned his tasks quickly, and when they were done
He would work in the yard, or the bairns he would mind,
For he always was cheery, and canny, and kind.
But he was the eldest and four boys beside,
It was not for him at the homestead to bide,
So to Glasgow he went, he had got a good place.
Ay, I mind how the smile came all over his face
When his letter was answered by Kelvin & Co.;
And they said that to town next week he might go,
They told him they liked his certificate well,
(He had got a good one from the master himsel',
And the minister, too, had written a letter,
Which the gentlemen said had pleased them still better.)
So he went to the warehouse of Kelvin & Co.;
He went and did well, that's but four years ago;
But he took to the drink, and you know all the rest;
And I'm keeping you long. Oh! sir, when would be best
For me to get leave to visit my son?
It's hard, oh! it's hard, but the Lord's will be done.
And yet, 'mid my sorrow I cannot but think,
That it's not the Lord's will that young lads should get drink;
I make bold to speak, sir, I've found you so kind;
And often the thought has come into my mind
That the people's best friends a good work would begin,
And hinder much sorrow, and hinder much sin,
If they made it unlawful for drink to be sold
To boys and to girls under twenty years old.

—*Kirkland Davidson in League Journal.*

OUR TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

BY A. C. MORROW.

"Get out there, you drunken vagabond. Get out, I say!"

That was what George Wilkins' father said to him one cold December Sabbath afternoon; and when "Old Tom Wilkins," as the boys all called him, spoke in that rough angry tone of voice, the son knew he must obey him or suffer the consequences. This time it was the father who was intoxicated, though, I am afraid, as George left the den he called his home, if there had been any money in his pocket he would have gone to the nearest saloon, and have soon been the low thing his father called him. But to-day he had no money, so he wandered listlessly about the streets until his unhappy thoughts were arrested by the sound of music. He stopped and listened.

"Come to Jesus, come to Jesus just now," were the words he heard distinctly. He knew no more of Jesus than if he had been a native of Africa instead of New York City; but very sweet the refrain sounded as it floated out to him, cold, desolate, and forlorn as he was. It was a mission Sunday-school. He sauntered in, and stood just within the doorway as the boys and girls concluded the chorus, "Come to Jesus, come to Jesus just now." There he stood during all the prayer, the very picture of poverty, his coat and pants torn and soiled, and his face and hands looked as though it was long since they had enjoyed the luxury of water.

The superintendent finished his prayer, but no one took any notice of the strange ragged boy by the door. He turned to leave the room, when a kind voice arrested him, and, looking back, he saw a lady approaching him. She extended her hand.

"My boy, I am glad to see you. I have a class of boys here; I wish you would come and join them."

"I ain't fit," he answered, looking down at his old, dirty clothing.

"Oh yes, you are!" the teacher answered.

He followed her reluctantly. As they reached the class, the boys giggled, and though there was plenty of room did not offer to give him a seat.

The teacher's little seven-year-old Greta, who occupied a chair by her mother, rose, saying, "Take my seat, please." Then, turning to the rude boys, she asked pleasantly, "Will you make room for me to sit by you?"

I cannot tell what the teacher said to those boys that afternoon, but it was a temperance lesson; and when she had finished, she took out a temperance pledge, and asked them to sign it.

When it came to George, he said, very decidedly, "No."

"Why not?"

"'Cause I like gin and brandy too well."

Before her mother could answer him, little Greta had risen to her feet and stood beside him. There were tears in her blue eyes, and her voice trembled. "I wish you would," she said.

"T'ain't no use," he answered; "I couldn't keep it."

"I would pray the Lord to help you," the child said, "and then he could—couldn't he, mamma?"

"I believe he could, if he would ask the Lord himself too."

"Won't you?" the child pleaded.

"I vum, I b'lieve I'll try it, if only to please you," George answered her, taking the pen in his clumsy fingers and writing his name.

Before George left the school, he had promised to come again, and carried with him a letter of introduction to a manufacturer who would give him work.

He did not dare to return home, so slept that night, supperless, as he had often done before, in an old cart.

The next morning he went with his letter to Mr. Brunn, the shoe manufacturer. When the proprietor had agreed to furnish him employment, at three dollars a week, the boy asked, "I haven't had any breakfast; could you lend me—"

"I'll lend you nothing," the man interrupted, "but wait here a moment."

He stepped into his office, and addressed a boy, who went out, but presently returned with a ham sandwich and a foaming glass of beer which he handed to George.

For twenty hours the boy had not tasted food. How tempting the sandwich looked, and how he longed for a taste of the beer! He reached out his hands to take them. Then he saw a childish face with blue eyes filled with tears, and heard a sweet voice say, "Won't you? I'll pray for you." His hands dropped to his side again.

"What does this mean?" the proprietor who had been watching them, asked.

"I can't drink the lager; I promised I wouldn't," the boy answered, stoutly.

"Oh! you've signed the pledge—have you?" he inquired with a sneer.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, if you're too good to drink lager, you're too good to work for me," were the words which trembled on his lips, but something prompted a different answer.

"Here, Jim," he said to the office-boy, "Give the boy the sandwich, and take the lager back and get him a glass of milk."

"Thank you," George said, simply.

It was the first time the words had ever passed his lips. But he was learning, faster than he knew, how Christianity refines and elevates.

He finished his frugal breakfast, and went to the work assigned him happier than he had ever been before.

I cannot tell you all the ways in which George was tempted, but he continued to attend the mission school and learned to pray for himself, and grew to be a thoughtful devoted Christian boy.

This was thirteen years ago. George is now the superintendent of that mission school. He never broke his pledge.—*S. S. Times.*

A TEMPERANCE SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. LEWIS DEXTER.

Several weeks ago we promised to give a description of a temperance school which has now been in successful operation nearly two years. The school was organized, in Blackstone, Mass., with thirty members, in the early part of July, 1881. Previous to this, those interested in the scientific study of alcohol, its nature and effects upon the human system, were invited to meet in the vestry of the Free Baptist church. Special invitations were given to several persons whose influence and help it was especially desirable to secure. The plan and object of the temperance school, which was a new feature of the work to most if not all in that meeting, were explained. It was then ascertained how many of those present would like to become members of the school; also how many were willing, if necessary, to serve as officers or teachers.

The school is organized and conducted like a Sunday-school. Its membership is restricted only by good behavior. "Whosoever will may come." No one is required to sign a pledge. Efforts are made to bring in as many as possible who believe in the free or occasional use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage. Pledges, both single and triple, are continually before the school, and all are invited to sign as soon as they are satisfied of the wisdom of such an act. Each person upon signing receives an illuminated card, with his name upon it, containing the pledge he has taken. All signatures are also kept in a pledge book belonging to the school, in which are designated the pledge taken, single or triple, date of signature, and age of the signer.

The officers of the school are a superintendent, assistant superintendent, secretary, treasurer, librarian, organist, chorister and janitor. These officers with the teachers constituted a board of managers, which had entire control of the school. The secretary of the school is also secretary of the board, and in the monthly report to the school gives also an account of the proceedings of the board These offices were not all filled up at the time of the organization; nor is it essential they should be, if suitable help is wanting. Indeed, if it were necessary and there were but a single class, one person, self-appointed at that, might fill all these offices and constitute himself the entire school board. What an important personage that would be!

The school meets in the church vestry each Monday evening and continues in session one hour and a quarter. The last fifteen minutes are spent in review. The entire school, except the primary classes, usually study the same lesson. This makes the review much more interesting than if they studied different lessons. They first studied quite thoroughly the "Catechism on Alcohol," by Julia Colman. This is a simple and excellent little book for beginners. The lessons are full of interest for young and old. They have since studied the "Boys and Girls' Temperance Text Book," by H. L Reade, "Alcohol and Hygiene," by Julia Colman, and the Temperance Lesson Book," by B. W. Richardson. They sing from "Ripples of Song," by the National Temperance Publication Society. Discussions, literary exercises and concerts are occasionally given.

The school usually takes the same vacations as the public schools, though sometimes part of their classes are allowed to proceed with their lessons regardless of the vocation. To better accommodate the little ones, the primary classes meet immediately after the day school closes; one in the vestry and the other in a school-room in another part of the village. There are seven classes with nine teachers. Each of the primary classes, being large, requires an assistant teacher. The school register is in all about one hundred and fifty members, of whom one-third are Catholics, and some of them the children of licensed liquor dealers. They are from three to seventy years of age. Much the larger portion here, as in Sunday-school are children. The largest attendance at a single session has been one hundred and seventeen, and the smallest thirteen; this, however, was in vacation when but three classes were represented.

The following named works will be found especially helpful as teachers' aids: For those in the Catechism, the Juvenile Temperance Manual, by Miss Colman; for those in the Boys and Girls' Temperance Text-Book. Twelve Addresses on the Physiological Action of Alcohol, by J. J. Ridge, and Our Wasted Resources, by William Hargreaves; for those in Alcohol and Hygiene, the Temperance Lesson-Book, by B. W. Richardson, Alcohol, its Nature and Effects, by C. A. Story, and Reid's Temperance Cyclopedia; for those in Richardson's Lesson Book, Alcohol and Science, by William Hargreaves, and Ten Lectures on Alcohol, by B. W. Richardson; Sewall's Stomach Plates will also be found very helpful in any department of the study or work. Any of these and many other helpful works, as also many among the best Sunday-school books published, may be obtained of J. N. Stearns, Agent for the National Temperance Publication Society, 58 Reade St., New York.

This article is written with the hope that where no other method is in use, that is equally as good for instructing both old and young in this important study, this may be adopted. Nothing could be more simple or more easily worked. One determined person, man or woman, can successfully carry on this work until others seeing its value and importance are ready to help. Of course, it is desirable to get as many as possible of the influential members of both church and society enlisted in the cause. Any one wishing to start a school will do well to carefully study the "Temperance School," by Julia Colman. It can be procured by sending five cents for it to J. N. Stearns, 58 Reade St., N.Y. Any question upon this subject, addressed to the writer, Blackstone, Mass., will be responded to most cheerfully.—*Morning Star.*

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. READE.

(*National Temperance Society, New York.*)

PART II.

LESSON VI.—ALCOHOL AND ITS RELATIONS TO PERSONAL ESTATE.

To what sum will the expenditure of five and one-quarter cents a day amount in round numbers in one year?

Twenty dollars.

In ten years, with compound interest?

Two hundred and sixty-dollars.

In fifty years?

Five thousand eight hundred dollars.

To what sum will the expenditure of eleven cents a day amount in one year?

Forty dollars.

In ten years?

Five hundred and twenty dollars.

In fifty years?

Eleven thousand six hundred dollars.

To what sum will the expenditure of twenty-seven cents a day amount in one year?

One hundred dollars.

In ten years?

One thousand three hundred dollars.

In fifty years?

Twenty-nine thousand dollars.

To what sum will the expenditure of fifty-five cents a day amount in one year?

Two hundred dollars.

In ten years?

Two thousand six hundred dollars.

In fifty years?

Fifty-eight thousand dollars.

Is it usual for persons in ordinary circumstances to expend either of these sums daily for alcoholic drinks and at the same time accumulate property?

It is not usual. The cases where personal estate is increased under these circumstances are exceedingly rare.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

"MAKING" CHILDREN HAPPY.

"I try so hard to make my children happy!" I heard a mother sigh one day, in despair at her efforts.

"Stop trying," exclaimed a practical friend at her elbow, "and do as my neighbor does."

"And how is that?" she asked, dolefully.

"Why, she simply lets her children grow and develop naturally, only directing their growth properly. Her children never hear their mother talk of dress, only that it should be neat and tidy. They are taught to do right for righteousness' sake, and not for any prize or bribe. Now if you will allow me to criticise your method, I would say that in some particulars you are all wrong. You have already begun to talk to your daughter of what you intend to make and "fix" for her to wear another season. After you have arranged her toilet for the afternoon, you say, 'Ah, that looks sweet,' or 'that looks lovely,' or 'it looks like a fright,' until the child has come at nine years of age, to be far more concerned about her dress than any other earthly thing, and to hold all other small women in contempt who are not as finely attired as herself. Then when you were going shopping this morning, you promised to buy something for her if she would be a good girl, etc. That, I observe, happens every time you leave your children; some sort of a bribe is offered for their good behavior, as if good behavior did not pay for itself. When you came home you began to rattle off what you had bought for them. The loveliest this, and the sweetest that, and the little brains were excited over the purchases, so that you had an hour's trouble to get the children asleep. Before you came home they were wondering what you would bring them, and their chief desire seemed to be in regard to the goodies, instead of having their mother again. Now my neighbor's children are uncommonly happy ones, just as strong-willed as yours, and would be just as difficile and 'nervous' if their training had not been so different. She has always thrown them so far as practicable upon their own resources, taught them to wait upon themselves, no matter how many servants she had, and to construct their own playthings. Not five dollars have been spent in toys for the whole five children. When she returns home from an absence there is never any query as to what she will bring them; they await but one thing, their mother's kiss. Whatever has been bought for them is bestowed when the needed time comes. Nothing exciting is allowed to them at night, and they got to bed and to sleep in a wholesome mental state that insures restful slumber. They are taught to love nature, and to feel that there is nothing arrayed so finely as the lily of the field, the bees, and the butterflies, that there is nothing so mean as a lie, nor anything so miserable as disobedience, that it is a disgrace to be sick, and that good health, good teeth, and good temper, come from plain food, plenty of sleep, and 'being good.' Of course, this happy state of things has been brought about by line upon line, and precept upon precept, and firmness. The result is that her method develops the best impulses and traits of character in her children. With your course you develop traits that tend to selfishness, to self-consciousness, to artificial tastes and wants, to exactions and expectations which, in the long run, are 'belittling,' to use a homely expression."

Of course, my lady was not overpleased with the practical preachment, but she was frank enough to confess that her own course had been a failure. And there are thousands of women like her, trying with equal sincerity to do something continually to make their children contented and happy, and who never seem to comprehend that children, like flowers, in order to thrive require a certain amount of "letting alone." Supreme faith in the mother, few toys, no finery plain food, no drugs, and early to bed are the best things for "making" the children happy.—*Christian Union*.

EATING AT NIGHT.

Popularly, it is thought injurious, but unless dinner or supper have been late, or the stomach disordered, it is harmless and beneficial, if one is hungry. Invalids and the delicate should always eat before bed time. This seems heretical, but it is not. Animals after eating instinctively sleep. Human beings become drowsy after a full meal. Why? Blood is solicited toward the stomach to supply the juices needed in digestion. Hence the brain receives less blood than during fasting, becomes pale, and the power grows dormant. Sleep therefore ensues. This is physiological. The sinking sensation in sleepfulness is a call for food. Wakefulness often is merely a symptom of hunger. Gratify the desire and you fall asleep. The feeble will feel stronger at dawn if they eat on going to bed. Fourteen hours lie between supper and breakfast. By that time the fuel of the body has become expended. Consequently, the morning toilet fatigues many. Let such eat at bed time, and take a glass of warm milk or beef tea before rising. Increased vigor will result. "But the stomach must rest." True. Yet when hungry we must eat. Does the infant's stomach rest as long as the adult's? The latter eats less often merely because his food requires more time for digestion. Seldom can one remain awake until 10: 30 or 11 without hunger. Satisfy it and sleep will be the sounder.

During the night give wakeful children food; sleep will follow. The sick should invariably eat during the night. This is imperative. At night the delicate and children may take slowly, warm milk, beef tea, or oatmeal gruel. Vigorous adults may also eat bread and milk, cold beef, mutton, chicken and bread, raw oysters, all, of course, in moderation. Do not eat if not hungry. Eat if you are.—*A Boston Physician.*

MEAT DIET FOR INVALIDS.

BY JULIET CORSON.

Meat for the use of invalids should be chosen for three qualities—digestibility, nutriment, and suitability to the case in hand: the last consideration is the most important.

Beef is the meat most used in health; it is the most stimulating and nutritious of all flesh when the system is able to digest it, and its flavor does not offend the most fastidious palate: it is always in season. But in some physical conditions the use of mutton is preferable, because it is less stimulating, less highly flavored, and more digestible. In such cases it is really more nutritious than beef, because its nutritive elements can be assimilated; for instance, mutton is a better meat than beef for dyspeptics. The broth made from mutton is no more digestible than that of beef, and is less nutritious. If all fat is removed from it in cooking, its flavor is more delicate. Lamb should not be used by dyspeptics; although tender, it is less nutritious, because immature, and less digestible, because its soft, semi-glutinous tissue renders complete mastication difficult. If lamb is used during illness it should be broiled, because by that process its loose texture is made comparatively dense, and the entire substance of the flesh is thoroughly cooked. The flavor of lamb is of course more delicate than that of mutton. As the indigestibility of veal is due to this looseness of fibre, it also should be thoroughly cooked.

There is no reason why underdone meat should be considered more nutritious than that which is moderately and properly cooked, with all its juices preserved. The chemical elements of underdone meat are not sufficiently acted upon by heat to be either readily digested or assimilated. Unless a physician orders raw or partly cooked meat for some special dietetic reason, it is far better to give an invalid well-done meat or that which is only medium rare.

HOME MADE BREAD.

JULIET CORSON.

The best home-made bread is composed of flour, water, salt, and yeast; the addition of milk, butter, or sugar is dictated solely by the taste of the bread-maker, and not by any sanitary consideration. Other variations from the simple process of bread-making will be briefly treated in the next article. Bakers claim that the best bread is made with liquid bakers' or brewers' yeast and by the lengthened process of "raising" it over night. I am inclined to think that the bread made most quickly is the best, if it is light because none of its nutritious elements are lost by fermentation, and I shall return to this question later.

To make two loaves of ordinary home-made bread put three pounds of flour into a bread-pan, and make a hollow in the middle of the flour; mix together one gill of good yeast, a tea-spoonful of salt, and a pint of warm water (temperature 98° Fahr.), and pour them into the flour, using the hand to mix and beat all these ingredients together until a smooth, soft dough is formed which does not stick to the hands in working it; if the flour is good, more than the first pint of water may be required to form the dough; if, on the other hand, the flour lacks gluten and abounds in starch, it may be necessary to add a little more of it. When the dough can be worked easily, knead it for five minutes, then gather it in a lump, lift it and flour the pan under it, dust a little flour over the top, and cover the bread-pan with a thick towel folded several times. Place the pan where the temperature is not over 98° Fahr., and let the bread stand over night. When the dough is swollen to about twice its first size and is full of little holes like a sponge, knead it again for fifteen minutes, flouring the hands enough to prevent the dough sticking to them, and divide it into two loaves, putting each one into a buttered baking-pan; set the pans near the fire, cover them with a folded towel, and let the loaves swell to twice their first size; then prick them two or three times with a fork, and put them into a moderate oven to bake. When the loaves are delicately browned brush them over the top with a very little melted butter, and return them to the oven for five minutes; decide if they are cooked by thrusting a trussing needle or thin metal skewer into them, and if it is dry when withdrawn take them from the oven, and cool them before using.—*Harper's Bazar.*

PLAIN OMELET. See that you have a hot fire, and a clean smooth iron spider. Put the pan on the fire to become heated; break the eggs into a basin, sprinkle over them pepper and salt, and give them twelve vigorous beats with a spoon. Now put butter the size of an egg (for five eggs) in the heated pan; turn it around so that it will moisten all the bottom of the pan. When it is well melted, and begins to boil, pour in the eggs. Holding the handle of the omelet pan in the left hand, carefully and lightly with a spoon draw up the whitened egg from the bottom, so that all the eggs may be equally cooked, or whitened to a soft, creamy substance. Now, still with the left hand, shake the pan forward and backward, which will disengage the eggs from the bottom; then shaking again the omelet a little one side, turn with a spoon half of one side over the other; and allow it to remain a moment to harden a little at the bottom, gently shaking it all the time, toss it over on a warm platter held in the right hand. A little practice makes one quite dexterous in placing the omelet in the centre of the platter, and turning it over as it is tossed from the omelet pan. However, if one can not manage the tossing operation, which is the correct thing, the omelet can be lifted to the platter with a pancake-turner. It should be creamy and light in the centre, and more firm on the outside.

POTATOES IN CASES.—The following is a nice way of serving baked potatoes. Bake potatoes of equal size, and when done, and still hot, cut off a small piece from each potato; scoop out carefully the inside, leaving the skin unbroken; mash the potato well, seasoning it with plenty of butter, pepper, and salt; return it with a spoon to the potato skin, allowing it to protrude about an inch above the skin. When enough skins are filled, use a fork or knife to make rough the potato which projects above the skin; put all into the oven a minute to color the tops. They will have the appearance of baked potatoes burst open.

SNOW POTATOES.—These are mashed potatoes pressed through a colander into a dish in which they are to be served. The potatoes then resemble rice or vermicelli, and very light and nice. They make a pretty dish, and must be served very hot.

CUP CUSTARD.—One egg beaten to a froth, three-quarters of a cup of milk, two tea-spoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt, and a little grated nutmeg; beat thoroughly together; pour into a coffee-cup; bake until it's brown, and then take it out.

PUZZLES.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. I'm called by all substantial fare;
2. I have no substance anywhere;
3. A tropical fruit of color bright;
4. A textile fabric, pure and white;
5. A splendid town of Eastern site.

The primals give a lovely dame,
Another will the finals name.
A poisonous plant, they both will tell,
Oft used for tincture and for spell.

ANAGRAMS.—OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW NAMES.

1. T. Roche. 2. E. Larned. 3. U. S. Speer. 4. I. L. Cashel. 5. E. Schuler. 6. S. S. Yules. 7. C. E. Murray. 8. A. T. Sultan. 9. U. P. Shore. 10. A. R. Case. 11. N. C. Hoar. 12. E. A. Gammon. 13. L. A. Pool. 14. D. G. Meaney. 15. T. A. Crosse.

CHARADE.

I dwell in a house as hard as stone,
I am soft and rich and fat;
You will find if you try to make me your own,
I am rather hard to get at.
My first is to spoil, to injure, to hurt
Read backwards, it means to pack the dirt.
My second is straight or ought to be,
As in your garden you may see.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A consonant.
2. Antique.
3. To demand.
4. A noise.
5. A consonant.

CHARADE.

My first will warmth and comfort give,
My second, quickly close your eyes,
My whole will any one deceive,
Even although he's old and wise.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

CHARADES.—1. Dry-den. 2. Gold-smith.

ACCIDENTAL FINDINGS—Tow, mate O.—Tomato. Ray, sin—Raisin. Bar, ley—Barley. Car, nay, shun—Carnation.

DIAMOND.—

D
O R E
D R E A M
E A R
M

SQUARE WORD.—

E D O M
D A M E
O M I T
M E T A

SYNCOPATIONS.—Revel, reel. 2. Laird, lard. 3. Borne, bone. 4. Legal, leal. 5. Caird, card. 6. Salic, saic.—Syncopated letters: Virgil.

Contributions have been received from O. E. Roberts, Alex. Crone, and Emma Vosburg.

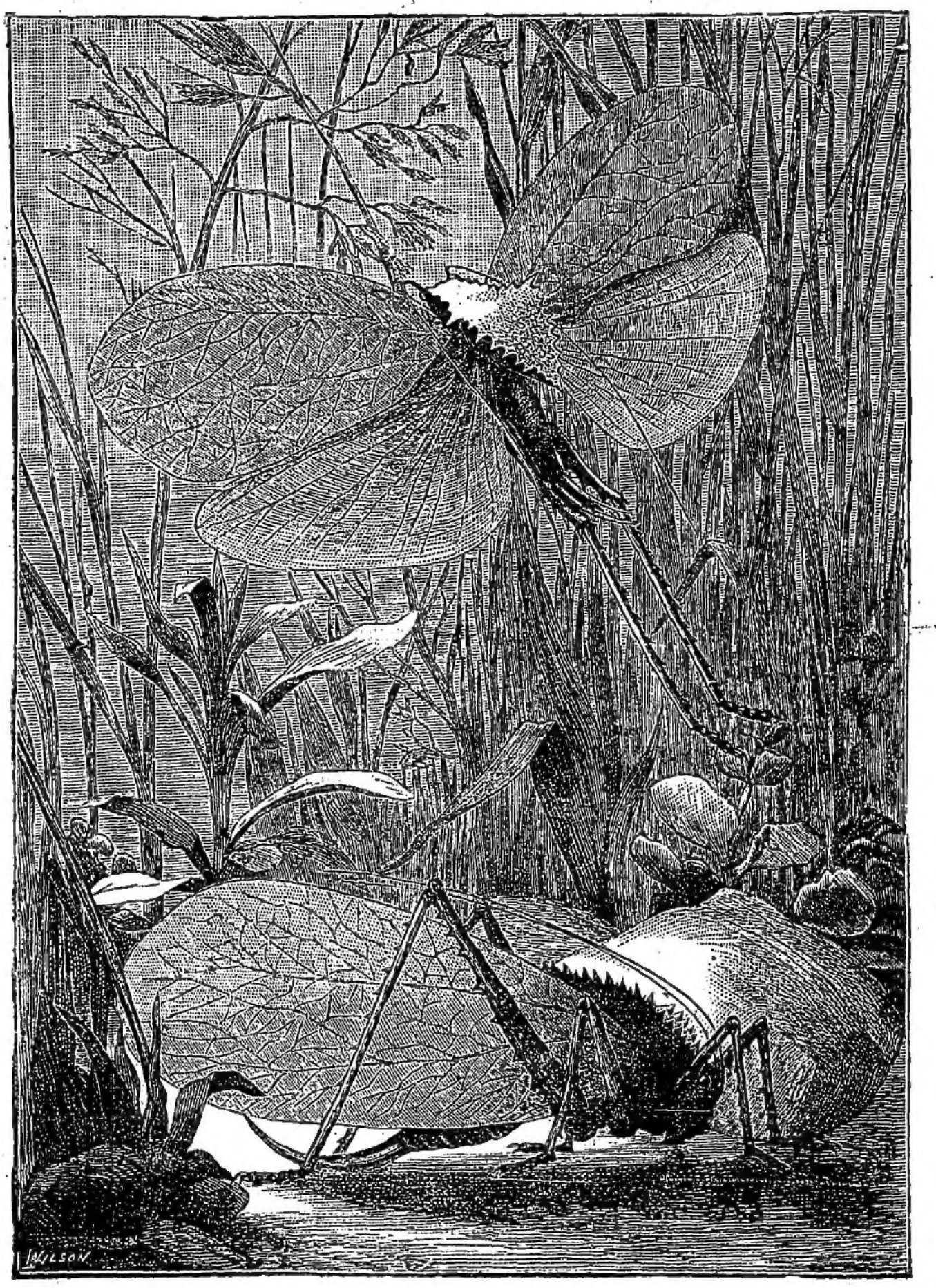
SALMON BROILED IN PAPER.—Wash a slice of salmon, about an inch thick, in cold water, dry it on a clean cloth, lightly season it with salt and pepper, and wrap it in a sheet of buttered note-paper, the edges of which must be folded closely over each other several times in order to retain all the juices of the salmon; place the salmon thus prepared between the bars of a double wire gridiron, and broil it for ten minutes on each side over a moderate fire, taking care not to scorch the paper. Serve it on a hot dish in the paper to keep it hot until the last moment. By this method of cooking all the flavor and nutriment of the fish are preserved.

AN OMELETTE with cabbage in it makes an appetizing side-dish. Beat four eggs till they are very light, the whites and the yolks separately; to the yolks add a small cup of sweet milk, and pepper and salt to taste; then stir in a cup of cold boiled cabbage, chopped fine; have enough butter in a saucepan to cover the bottom; when hot, pour the omelette in, having stirred the whites of the eggs in first, before putting into the pan.

TO MAKE an excellent soup, allow four pounds of beef to two and a half quarts of water, one small onion, one carrot, and a small head of celery. Let these boil for four or five hours. Three-quarters of an hour before dinner strain this soup, salt it, and add a heaping teacupful of macaroni, broken in bits; let this boil slowly. Add any other seasoning you like. For some tastes a pinch of curry-powder improves it.

THE GREAT SHIELDED LOCUST OF PAPUA.

The insects of Papua, or New Guinea, as that vast island is commonly called on English maps, are comparatively little known; yet they appear to rival in strangeness and beauty of form and brilliancy of color the better known birds of that tropical region, typical examples of which are seen in the birds of Paradise. Here the magnificent green and yellow ornithoptera, or bird-winged butterflies, find their richest development. Wallace calls them the princes of the butterfly tribes; and they are as remarkable for their great size as for their singular markings and magnificent coloration. Here, too, are found the largest and most beautiful of the clear-winged moths, and their handsome rivals among the green moths. Many species of beetles of large size and the most brilliant metallic lustre also abound, almost all of the orders furnishing large or extraordinary forms. The same is true of the locust or grasshopper tribes. The most remarkable of those thus far discovered is the *Megalodon ensifer*, or great shielded grasshopper, figured in our engraving, which we copy from *La Nature*. The glossy green wing-coverts when fully expanded are from nine to ten inches across, and beautifully veined in imitation of large shining tropical leaves. The thorax is covered by a triangular horny shield, 2½ inches long, with serrated edges, a wavy hollow surface and a faint median line, the whole closely resembling a leaf. The body is short, and, in the female, is terminated by a long, curved, sword-like ovipositor. The legs are long and strongly spined.



THE GREAT SHIELDED LOCUST OF PAPUA.

These insects are sluggish in their motions, depending for for safety on their mimickry of foliage, their horny shield and wing coverts, and their spiny legs.

HOW TO COLLECT BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS.

The necessary apparatus for this purpose is simple and inexpensive, and such as can be easily made in a few hours. All that one requires at first are some setting boards, a net, killing bottle, store box, collecting box, and some pins.

Having obtained the requisite apparatus, the next step is collecting the insects.

The best time for butterflies is between eleven in the morning and three in the afternoon. The best time, however, for the high-flyers, such as the Purple Emperor, is after three o'clock in the afternoon, as they then fly lower than in the middle of the day. It is perhaps needless to say that hot sunny days bring out the butterflies in the greatest profusion. This is not always the case with moths. In fact we have frequently caught large numbers of the latter when sugaring on a bleak, dreary autumn night, while on fine evenings we have often returned almost empty-handed. But a bright warm day, with a shower of rain about five or six o'clock in the afternoon, is generally followed by a good evening for sugaring. A very good sugaring mixture is made as follows: take half a pint of beer, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and a quarter of a pound of treacle, boil together until the sugar is dissolved, and when cool add a gill of rum. This mixture is applied to the trunks of trees in streaks about two inches wide.

Having sugared a sufficient number of trees, the entomologist goes from one to another with a lantern and killing bottle, and captures those insects which he requires. The number of moths which can be caught in an evening by the process of sugaring is often enormous; we have frequently counted over fifty on a tree about ten minutes after it had been sugared.

Having caught a butterfly or moth and killed it, fasten it into the collecting box by sticking a pin through its side. By adopting this plan the insect's back is uninjured, as the hole at the side is not seen when the insect is set out. Besides by pinning them through the side, several insects can be placed on one pin, thus enabling the collecting box to hold more than if each insect were pinned out separately.

THE WREN'S REQUIEM

It was on a morning early in spring, years ago, that we heard an unusual twittering outside our bed-room window, above which is a deep thatch. On looking up, we saw two curious festoons hanging from it, apparently in motion. It was, in fact, two half circles, composed of little wrens, clinging to each other by foot and wing, to the number of twenty or thirty. They clung together thus for the space of about two minutes. They twittered mournfully all the while, so different from their usual joyous song; when suddenly, as if by one consent, they in a moment broke loose and flew away. On descending shortly afterward we found a dead wren lying just under the window over which these festoons of wrens had been hanging a few minutes before. It looked as if these affectionate little creatures had been singing a dirge over their dead friend below; at least we could think of no other cause for the unusual appearance. From that time the wrens deserted that spot for more than two years. On speaking of this to one who had made natural history his study, he told me that it was called "The Wren's Requiem," and was an established fact, though very rarely seen.—*Ex.*

HAPPINESS depends not so much on means and opportunities as on the capacity of using them. And this depends so much on experience and self control that the probability of happiness in old age is as great, to say the least, as it is in youth.—*Edward Wigglesworth.*

QUEER FRUIT OF AN OAK.

Last autumn, I saw an oak-tree bearing what seemed to be small brown apples. I picked one of these, split it, and found that it was a woody ball, with hollow thorns which reached to its centre and stuck out their points beyond the rind. In each thorn was a grub, or else a small fly.

Afterward, I found out that the fly is called "Saw-fly," because of a little saw which it has, and that, in the spring, it finds its way out through the tip of the thorn, which the winter storms manage to snap off.

Once free, the saw-fly alights on some juicy branch of an oak-tree, and in this cuts a groove with its saw, and lays eggs. Then it pours into the groove a magic fluid which makes the branch change its way of growing; for now it swells into a lump, inclosing the eggs, which it wraps in cases. As the eggs grow and change to grubs, the cases become long and pointed, and the grubs feed on the woody centre of the lump. There they live, safe and undisturbed, until the time comes for them to to turn to flies and begin work in the open air.

The picture shows just the look and size of the branch, the fruit, the grub in the fruit, and the saw-fly; and at the foot are a grub and a fly drawn large to show them clearly.

Branches of the trees, with the galls on, may be gathered while the insects are yet in the first stages, and, if the stems are put into a phial of water, under a glass shade, the galls may be kept until the perfect insect comes forth.

Now, when you find an oak-tree, this fall, with these apples, or gall-nuts growing on it, you will have a chance to look into the matter, and see if all this is exactly so.—*St. Nicholas.*

QUEER FRUIT OF AN OAK.

THE WISHING-STONE, AND HOW IT WAS LOST.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

It was so long ago that nobody is alive who remembers anything about it. There was an old woman, a hundred years old. Her grandmother told her the story, and she wrote it down with a heron's feather—a great white heron that flew over between dawn and daylight, and was only a gray speck against the gray sky. The grandmother was a witch, and understood what the birds said, and that is how she came to hear the sparrows at Lilbury Abbey say to each other it was a good thing the wishing-stone was lost, since so much trouble came of it. This is the true story of how it happened: the brown sparrow told it to the stone man on the monument, while his mate brooded her eggs. The stone man held the nest in the hollow of his hand, and stood quite still, night and day, not to disturb it.

"They are sweeter than the sweetest, the roses that grow in the garden, and all the blossoms have tongues of gold. When the wind blows over them they ring together, and the music is rare as the Christmas chimes up in the steeple."

"I have heard it," said the mate, ruffling her throat.

"There is a fountain. The water goes up, up, high as the lark goes, and when it comes down it is all pearls, and rubies, and bits of rainbows. It sings, too, and no one can guess what the music is like."

"I have heard it," said the mate, her wings trembling with ecstacy.

"The road to the mountain passes through the garden, and the gates are always open, because the Princess will have it so. One is called Morning Gate, and that is where the people enter. They go on by the rose-walk until they come to the fountain. When one looks through the spray, the mountain is very beautiful; all its roads lie in sunshine, and the city seems near by. So the people hasten on, and presently they cannot see the rose-garden, and they never come back. I should come back, Petra."

"And I," said the little mate but the stone man listened, and did not say a word.

"Long ago the wishing-stone lay by the fountain; a broad, white stone, like those in the Abbey here. The stone was enchanted. A Troll put it there, and whoever sat upon it had whatever he first wished; but if he wished anything selfishly, he was turned into a hard, smooth, stone, and the Troll carried him away to build his palace under-ground. A great many people came into the garden then, who never went out, but the Princess could not undo the spell or take away the stone. The last person who sat upon it was a beggar-girl. She was poor, she was lame, she was hunchbacked, and she was always hungry. She sat down upon the stone, and laid her crutches on the grass beside her. Two little birds sang in her ear, one on the right and one on the left. They were enchanted too. One sang 'Wishiwas! wishiwas!' and the other sang 'Wishihad! wishihad!' So the beggar-girl looked up at the blue sky and the bright drops falling from the fountain and began to wish.

"'I wish all the sick folks, and the tired folks, and the lonesome folks could come and hear what the water sings about, and what nice talk the trees make to the wind.'

"'Wishiwas! wishihad!' sang the little birds and she wished again.

"'I wish all the poor children who work in the mills, and pick up rags and never have good times, could came here and smell the roses and feel the sunshine.'

"'Wishihad! wish, wishihad!' sang the birds, so soft she might have thought the song was in her heart.

"'I wish all the poor babies, and the very littlest children, and the old, old people could come here and look at the fountain, and may be have a flower to keep for their very own."

"Just as she said this she sprang up, for the wishing-stone began to sink into the ground, and when she turned about there was nothing but a smooth little hollow like a nest, brimful of daisies and buttercups. For you see she had broken the spell by wishing three wishes for others, and never once thinking of herself. They say she had all her wishes, but that was the end of the stone, and for my part I think it was well it was lost. When one has many wishes some of them are sure to be foolish."

"That is very true," said the mate; but no one knew what the stone man thought about it.

TURTLE'S EGGS.

BY EMMA N. NELSON.

When little Gertie and Ruth were at their grandma's in the country last summer, they saw something that they never saw before.

What do you think it was? I don't suppose you could guess if you tried a week, so I will tell you.

One day their Uncle Peter came in with a lot of small, round, white eggs, a little larger than the pretty glass marbles you have to play with.

He had them in his hat, and called to the little girls to come and see them.

They dropped their tins—for they were making mud pies—and started for their uncle. They looked at the small white eggs, and wondered what kind of eggs they were.

"These are turtle's eggs," said Uncle Peter.

"Was the old turtle on the nest when you found them?" asked the children.

At this question he was very much amused, and you ought to have seen how astonished they looked when he told them that his hired man had ploughed them out of the soft earth, back of the barn, not far from the creek.

Uncle Peter broke one of the eggs, and in it was a little turtle, perfect even to the "house on its back."

There were fifty-six eggs in all. Only think, if the eggs had not been disturbed, what a band of little turtles would have found their way to the creek!

The mother turtle scoops out with her hind feet a hollow in the sand or dry earth, in which she lays her eggs, and the heat of the sand or earth hatches them. She never gives herself any trouble about her children, and they take care of themselves as soon as they come out of the sand.

The children's uncle told them of the different varieties of turtles, and that some of them were used for food.

They listened with the closest attention, and when he had finished they scampered off, Gertie to finish their baking, and Ruth to "get the turtle soup going for dinner."—*Zion's Herald.*

IF I HAVE FAITH in Christ, I shall love him; if I love him, I shall keep his commandments; if I do not keep his commandments, I do not love him, I do not believe in him.—*Thomas Adam.*

The Family Circle.

THE INFIDEL AND HIS DAUGHTER.

[Suggested by reading a newspaper paragraph describing the scene between the brave old Ethan Allen and his daughter on the eve of her death, when she asked the stern infidel in whose faith he would have her to die—his or her mother's.]

"The damps of death are coming fast,
My father, o'er my brow;
The past with all its scenes has fled,
And I must turn me now
To that dim future which in vain
My feeble eyes descry;
Tell me, my father, in this hour,
In whose stern faith to die.

"I think I've watched the scornful smile,
And heard thy withering tone,
Whene'er the Christian's humble hope
Was placed above thine own;
I've heard thee speak of coming death
Without a shade of gloom,
And laugh at all the childish fears
That cluster round the tomb.

"Or is it in my mother's faith?
How fondly do I trace,
Through many a weary year long past,
That calm and saintly face!
How often do I call to mind,
Now she is 'neath the sod,
The place, the hour, in which she drew
My early thoughts to God!

My father, shall I look above,
Amid this gathering gloom,
To Him whose promises of love
Extend beyond the tomb?
Or curse the Being who hath blessed
This chequered path of mine?
And promises eternal rest!
Or die, my sire, in thine?"

The frown upon that warrior brow
Passed like a cloud away,
And tears coursed down the rugged cheek
That flowed not till that day;
"Not, not in mine," with choking voice
The sceptic made reply—
"But in thy mother's holy faith.
My daughter, may'st thou die!"

—*British Workman.*

YOUNG SIX-FOOT, AND WHAT BECAME OF HIM.

BY MRS. CHARLES GARNETT,

(*Author of "Little Rainbow, A Navvy Boy," "Lost and Found: A Navvy Winter Tale," Etc.*)

CHAPTER VI.—NIGHT AND MORNING.

Under the plentiful nourishing diet and clever hands of the ganger's wife, young Six-foot rapidly recovered, and in a week was able, as Ben had prophesied, to return to work. When he did so he found his friend had gone. He neither felt nor bore malice for the treatment he had received, it was not an unusual occurrence for a nipper to get "knocked about," and as young Nobby remarked, "It went in the day's work, and when a chap hasn't a father to stand up for him it's like to lie heavy sometimes;" but, as a sort of congratulatory welcome, he bestowed upon his "mate" a fox and-geese board cut purposely for him, and a large packet—his own weekly allowance—of mint "bull's eyes."

Things went on now very much as they had done before that hot day upon which Six-foot had first seen the lady. Sometimes the remembrance of those happy weeks, and of the wonderful new things he had heard then, would come vividly and unbidden back to him; but he was only a child, and therefore did not think much or long about anything. A habit, however, remained: each morning and night he knelt and repeated a little prayer which he had learnt as he wheeled the skilly tub, and he taught it also to Priss and John William.

December came, and all the lovely songs of the wooded hills were reduced to the singing of here and there a solitary robin; and not a few bright things besides the merry whistle of birds were changed too. With its first day came a heavy fall of snow. Many men had been turned off during the last fortnight, for with the rain pouring down puddling was at an end, and now if the frost set in the concreting would be stopped. True, the Manager might have contrived the work so as to give employment to many of the men, and he suggested as much to his chief, but the Contractor who came weekly from a noble mansion, which with its miles of park he had lately bought for £120,000 from an aristocratic owner, said "he could not afford such waste, that it 'answered better' to turn the men off in winter, and cram work on in overtime in summer, and he ought to know, he'd been at it for over thirty years." Yes! he knew how to make money.

So scores of men went on tramp, and wandered for weeks and months through the bitter winter, homeless and hopeless, up and down the land, visiting, one after another, all the great public works, and hearing the same answer to their question—

"Can we go to work?"

"No, we're sacking men, not putting on."

Six-foot felt himself fortunate in still being kept at his post. Now the lodgers were decreased in numbers, his mother's services to help were no longer needed at the settlement, and her employment gradually ceased. The last person to dismiss her was the ganger's wife, and even after this was the case many a basket of provisions and many a stray sixpence found their way home by Priss.

"It wasn't to be expected they would keep me on. I can't do half a day's work now, Fred."

"No, mother." He said the words reluctantly,

"I'm going, my lad." She fondled the little hard hand in her own as she said the words.

He looked into her face, and tried to say, "Yes, mother," but somehow he could not do it.

The subject was not mentioned again, but day by day the fact drew nearer, and both of them knew it.

Sometimes on the works, playing with Nobby, this remembrance would recur to Six-foot, but as a rule he forgot it from leaving home in the morning to returning thither at night. But there, never for one hour could it be overlooked. For a week past the mother had been in bed. Mrs. Nobby had sent Selina up with an old blue-checked table-cloth, which was suspended as a curtain on one side of the bed. It kept off two or three of the draughts, but the place was very cold; the wind blowing in at numberless chinks, both in the walls and between the slates of the roof, wafted the curtain about so much that a stone had to be tied in one corner to keep it steady. The snow was falling thick and fast, and some flakes entering through the crannies under the eaves, came softly fluttering in, and fell, melting slowly, on the floor.

"Shall I make you a cup o' tea, mother?" asked Six-foot one evening.

"Yes, my boy. I'm parched with thirst."

"Mrs. Nobby gave me a drop of milk, so you'll have it nice."

The sick woman drank eagerly.

"Do eat a bit o' toast, mother. There's some more bread left."

"I'm not hungry, child; eat it yourself. I'm only thirsty. Say your prayer now and then I'll go to sleep."

An hour afterwards, as he was sitting by the small fire carefully keeping some more tea warm, she awoke, and speaking as though she had never slept asked,—

"What will you do?"

"I don't know, mother," he replied.

"There's the Union."

"Oh, mother, we could not bide there!"

"My poor little lad! Where's Priss and John William?"

"Asleep, mother, down there; where I made that straw so nice that Ganger gived me yesterday. Do you want them?"

"No, I could not see them. Light the candle."

Then she dozed off again, and the candle—their only one—guttered in the swaying breeze. At the dead of the night she awoke again.

"Fred!" Her voice was strangely distinct.

"Yes, mother."

"What did the lady say—many mansions?"

"Yes, mother."

"Room for all of us?"

"Yes, mother; I learnt it you know, it goes this way: *Jesus said, 'In my Father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you.'*"

"For thee, and the two little ones and me we'll be all together there, Fred. She told me I must try and be patient because He were. I have tried, but only poorly, but He died to—forgive——"

She did not say any more but her eyes were very bright and, her hand held his so tightly, Sixfoot stood still by her side; he seemed to have stood there a long time, then gradually his mother's eyes partly closed, and her hand grew cold. The candle flared, Six-foot withdrew his clasp from his mother's and tried to push it higher, but the last morsel of wick was spent, it flashed up and then all was dark. The small bit of fire had died out, and Six-foot well knew there was neither coal nor wood left to mend it. He felt his way back to his seat. Was his mother asleep? She did not breathe. Was she dead? The thought was unbearable, but it made him cry, and he cried so long and so bitterly that at last he lay down worn out upon the hearth and also slept.

Hours afterwards, he was awakened by hearing John William clamoring for his breakfast. He started to his feet. One look at his mother—his dear mother—oh! how still she lay!—and the little boy had rushed out of the cow-shed and away to the nearest house.

It was still early morning and daylight lingered as it crept slowly over the snowy hills; but Mrs. Thorne was astir and the breakfast preparations were going on briskly.

Six-foot rushed in.

"Come missus, to mother. I believe she's dead." And the child threw himself down, burying his face in his arms in a passion of weeping.

"Give him some breakfast, master. I know my road without you, Six-foot; you stay here."

"When did she die?" asked the ganger, not unkindly, as he placed some cold beef and a cup of tea before the boy.

"I think last night, just when the candle went out."

"Have you had no light, then?" asked the man compassionately.

"No, we'd no more coal."

"Was anybody with you?"

"Only the children and they were asleep."

"Poor little chap!"

"Whatever will they do, landlord?" asked Punch.

The men were going out, but Six-foot distinctly heard the word "Union."

"You needn't come on the dock this morning," said the ganger, looking in again.

So Six-foot sat by the fire and thought, "I'm all the man there is to look after them childer, but I'm only small. I think I could do it. Next summer I'll get two shillings more, and then we'd do nicely, and Priss 'll soon earn a living, she's going for seven, she could go out to nurse."

CHAPTER VII. CONCLUSION.

Whatever he did, for Six-foot returned to his usual work that afternoon, one word repeated itself over and over again to the little boy, "the Union."

He knew what it meant, for once, and once only, in their wanderings in search of the father, his mother had taken refuge with the children within its walls, and Six-foot never thought about the place without a shudder; far more welcome was a dry ditch or an old haystack as a sleeping-place than that dull, white ward, whose tall walls seemed to shut them out from freedom and life. Six-foot determined that nothing should ever make him go there; but then how could he bear to leave Priss and John William to enter alone? He imagined them locked up inside those great gates, and himself wandering round outside vainly trying to see them. No, he must give up his freedom rather than desert the children; and though he had told himself he could keep them, yet in his heart he felt this was impossible. He went home every night and looked at his mother, and then went away to sleep at a neighbor's house. And every day he cried, for no one could see him there, and told to those dead ears his trouble, it seemed to do him good.

A gathering, according to navvy custom, was made on the works for the funeral; and though the times were hard, none there refused to help. A sad procession—but no pauper funeral—wound its way across the snow-covered fields and drifted roads from the old cow-shed to the church. Behind the coffin, carried by navvies, walked the three children respectably dressed in mourning, and then the navvy women, whose kind hands had been busy sewing for the little ones, followed. It was all very strange to the young mourners; the church, the clergyman and his white gown and solemn voice. Priss stared about with her wild eyes and John William audibly asked questions. But when they reached the open grave, suddenly the little girl seemed to understand. "Mammy, mammy!" she cried, and stretched out her hands.

"Hush," said Six-foot; "she's not there, Priss."

"Where is she, then?"

"In God's house."

"Did she say she was going there?"

"Yes, on Tuesday night, when you were asleep."

"You might have waked me and let me see her go; she might have taken me with her," sobbed Priss.

They went home to the cow-house to tea. The little place had never been so full before. On the old table were bread and butter cakes and tea, and the company were just sitting down when a stranger made his appearance.

He was a stout middle-aged man, buttoned up in a thick overcoat, and drove up in a gig, which he left under the care of young Nobby, who got in and began driving himself about, to the admiration of three boy beholders, who also were lingering outside. He did not waste much time, but came to the point at once.

"I'm the relieving officer from——" said he. "These works are in the district. I'm sure the Guardians have to thank you navvies for burying this woman free of cost to us; and I've come over to remove the children."

"Where are you going to remove 'em to?" said Nobby.

"Well, to the Union, till we ascertain their settlement, and then we shall pass them on to where their settlement is found."

Six-foot's heart was beating thick and fast as he listened.

"And what will they do wi' em?" asked Runner.

"Why, keep 'em in the Union till such time as they are ready to be apprenticed out."

"Nay!" cried Somerset, striking the table till the cups jingled again; "not so. A navvy lad like that," pointing to John William, who with round eyes and red cheeks was munching a tea-cake, "shut up in a Work'us! I'm only a single man, but I'm ready to give a shilling a week towards keeping him from that."

"I too, mate," cried Runner grasping his old enemy's hand.

"Shut up," cried Mrs. Nobby. "Me and my partner's agreed we'll take Priss; she'll go in wi' our six. Now, Mrs. Thorne."

"Yes," said Mrs. Thorne thus appealed to; "Ganger and me's settled it to take Six-foot and the little 'un. We have none of our own, and they'll be well done to so long as they're good lads."

"Well," said the relieving officer, "just for form's sake, I'll ask the children. Will you, my boy, stay here, or shall I take you, and find your friends for you?"

Clutching Mrs. Thorne's gown eagerly, Six-foot replied, "We've got no friends master. We'll stop here, and grateful, Mrs. Ganger." He raised a face all glowing with smiles to hers.

A howl of misery broke suddenly on the astonished ears of the assembly.

"What's up, Priss?"

"Oh! I don't want to leave Six-foot and John William, I don't—oh!"

"You'll be next door, child."

"Oh! but I shall belong to Mrs. Nobby, and they'll belong to you, Mrs. Ganger. We've always had only one mother."

"No more you shan't yet, little 'un. Missus, if you're willing I am, to take the lot. What do you say? Don't let us part 'em, old woman."

The ganger stood squarely looking at his wife.

"Oh, Jack, my lad, what a good 'un you are at the bottom." No one had ever seen her do it before, but Mrs. Thorne buried her

face in her clean apron, and burst into tears.

As they walked to the old farmhouse, when all was over, the ganger said, "You're to call me father from to-night, children. I've taken you for my own, and see if I'm not a right father to you."

"I'm sure o' that, father," said Six-foot.

"You've forgiven me that thrashing, then Sixfoot?"

"Ay, rather!" said the boy, slipping his small hand into the one which had beaten him. "I was asking God that night mother died, and ever since not to let us go into the Union, and see how nicely He's settled it."

"What are the bells ringing for?" asked Priss.

"It's Christmas Eve."

"What's that?"

"I'll tell you when we get home. Mother you must tell Runner no more swearing's to be in our place now these children's come. We must bring 'em up as if they were our own born, to be a credit to us.

And so they are. Six-foot has in truth earned his name. He is manager on the works where young Nobby is head mason. Priss says her husband, though, means to be a contractor yet.

John William still lives with father and mother on their farm. Curiously enough, after many wanderings, they returned to the neighborhood and purchased the very farm on which the old cow-house once stood. It is pulled down now. The huts and workshops too have disappeared. Only a gleaming, beautiful lake remains to show where the navvies have worked, where navvy hearts have beaten warm and true, and a row of green graves in the village churchyard tells where some weary navvy wanderers have found an endless rest.

THE END.

HOW A DANE FOUND THE LIGHT.

BY REV. C. L. GOODELL, D.D.

On the Western coast of Denmark there lived an intelligent farmer, with a family of well-trained children. The parents were worthy members of the Lutheran church. The children, being regular attendants on the church services, and having faithfully learned the Catechism, were confirmed by the Lutheran pastor as regular members of the church.

But one boy, George, in his family was not satisfied with his spiritual state. He had not found peace. His heart was troubled. He felt there was great darkness and dearth within him which neither attending church services nor partaking of the ordinances removed. Boy as he was, he was hungering and thirsting after a righteousness he struggled in vain to find. By-and-by he timidly approached the minister and stated his case as well as he could, and asked to be shown more light. He knew there must be more, and his soul craved it.

"More light!" said the minister, "you astonish me. What sins have you been committing?"

"Not any, sir," said George, "but I have a bad heart, and I am unhappy. I want more light."

"Why, my son, do you say the Lord's Prayer?"

"Yes, every day, twice."

"Can you repeat the Ten Commandments? Let me hear you."

George at once went through the Commandments with great fluency.

"Now go through the Catechism," and the young man did it with accuracy and without hesitation.

"Well, well," said the pastor, "there is no trouble with you. You are all right. You have got some strange notion in your head. Go home and be a good boy and be happy."

George went home dissatisfied. He failed to get the light, do the best he could. He ventured to see the preacher once again, but he was turned off as a troubler of the good man.

While working in a field by the sea, the ships passed out from the harbor, and sailing over the German Ocean towards England disappeared in the dim distance. George said to himself day after day, as he saw them go.

"There is more to be known about religion where they go than my pastor can tell me. There must be more light, and I will go and find it. I must get more light."

After long importunity, his father consented to his departure. With a bounding heart he went down to the docks and found a ship soon to depart for New York. He applied to the captain, asking to work his way on the ship, and was roughly sent away. After a little he came back and pleaded his case eloquently. The captain told him to go away and trouble him no more.

George went away heavy-hearted, and as he journeyed homeward he saw a little thicket of pines, near the road, and he went into it and kneeled down, and opened his heart to God in prayer, asking God to change the captain's heart. When he arose his burden was wonderfully lightened, and he went directly back to the ship and told the captain if he would take him to New York he would do anything for him, he would sleep anywhere, and eat anything.

The captain said, "you are a plucky fellow to face me three times. I fancy there must be something in you. Get aboard."

On the voyage he was very helpful and found favor with the captain. One Sunday afternoon in mid-ocean a lady gave him a leaflet with these words, "For ye are all the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ." That afternoon as he sat and read and thought, the light broke into his soul like the morning.

"We are God's children," he reflected, "not by saying creeds and catechisms and going to sacraments, but by faith in Christ Jesus. I have got the light. I have found that something that I wanted, thank God."

The lady conversed with him and gave him a New Testament, and he soon found this, "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," and his soul was filled with gladness to overflowing.

At New York he got a place in a bakery by the side of a good Christian member of Dr. W. R. Williams' Baptist church, which he attended, and made great progress in the Christian life. His Bible was open before him as he toiled, and at night he fairly ate the Word, as hungry men did the bread he kneaded. He said, "I am the happiest young man in the world. I make bread that perisheth, and I eat the Bread of which if a man eat he shall never hunger." He sent by letter many a loaf to his father and friends in Denmark. He removed to St. Louis, and in due time was married, and has a comfortable home and a group of pleasant children.

He has never lost the light, nor the Bread of Life, nor the power of prayer. Here is an instance. Two days before Christmas, not long since, he went to a toy bazar for presents for his household. He had $26 in his purse, but could spend only two dollars, as he owed $24 to workmen and had promised to pay them. In the crowd his purse was taken, and he could get no trace of it, though the store was faithfully searched. He stated the case to the clerk, and returned home and went to the upper chamber, and bowing before God asked him to make the money hot in the pocket of the thief that he might return it, as years before he had wrestled with God in the pine-thicket to soften the captain's hard heart. The next day at three o'clock he went to the chamber again and prayed as aforetime, and rose lightened of the burden and went directly to the store. The clerk saw him coming and held up the purse to his delighted vision and opening it everything was found in it, safely preserved but one horse-car ticket. A man had come and laid it down before the clerk a few minutes before the owner appeared, saying some one must have lost it and swiftly departed.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

"BE YOU A LADY?"

We remember reading somewhere an anecdote of the ludicrous consternation of a poor emigrant laborer, who for the first time heard his employer spoken of as a "gentleman." He had been brought up in England, where his only notion of a gentleman was that of a consequential and peremptory being in good clothes, who swore at and licked him. The New Haven *Register* tells the story of a poor boy in that city whose idea of a "lady" was quite as unfortunate; and who came by a happy accident to conclude that there must be two kinds. Perhaps he was right in his conclusion. At any rate the nice girl who gave him his first impression of what a true lady is, deserves all the credit of the story.

As a young lady walked hurriedly down State Street upon a bleak November day, her attention was attracted to a deformed boy coming toward her carrying several bundles. He was thinly clad, twisted his limbs most strangely as he walked, and looked before him with a vacant stare. Just before the cripple reached the brisk pedestrian he stumbled, thus dropping one bundle, which broke and emptied a string of sausages on the sidewalk.

The richly-dressed ladies (?) near by held back their silken skirts and whispered quite audibly, "How horrid!" while several who passed by, amused by the boy's looks of blank dismay, gave vent to their feelings in a half-suppressed laugh, and then went on without taking further interest.

All this increased the boy's embarrassment. He stooped to pick up the sausages only to let fall another parcel, when in despair he stood and looked at his lost spoils. In an instant the bright faced stranger stepped to the boy's side and said in a tone of thorough kindness,—

"Let me hold those other bundles while you pick up what you have lost."

In dumb astonishment the cripple handed all he held to the young Samaritan, and devoted himself to securing his cherished sausages. When these were strongly tied in the coarse torn paper, her skilful hands replaced the parcels on his scrawny arms, as she bestowed on him a smile of encouragement and said,—

"I hope you haven't far to go." The poor fellow seemed scarcely to hear the girl's pleasant words; but looking at her with the same vacant stare he asked,—

"Be you a lady?"

"I hope so; I try to be," was the surprised response.

"I was kind of hoping you wasn't."

"Why?" asked the listener, with curiosity quite aroused.

"'Cause I've seen such as called themselves ladies, but they never spoke kindly and pleasant to me, 'cepting to grand uns. I guess there's two kinds—them as think they're ladies and isn't, and them as what tries to be and is."—*Youth's Companion.*

WORK FOR THE CHILDREN.

God works with children early and if we were not afraid, this would be more clear to us. I look back to the times when my eldest children were very young, and how I often restrained the Spirit for fear I should be leading them further than they could follow and understand. I limited the Holy One of Israel. I would not do again as I did then. I held them back longer than I ought to have done and restrained in them what I now, with increased experience and observation, and, I trust, holy wisdom, would encourage and develop to the very uttermost. I believe that if I had done so that no evil would have come of it. Why should we be afraid if God's Spirit is molding and leading and influencing the children? If we can work with his Spirit, and if our eye is single, why should we fear? If parents would only be careful not to praise and admire their children for their pretty appearance or for having outstripped some other child in some human attainment and will go hand-in-hand with the Spirit of God in keeping them at the foot of the Cross, and inspiring them with all holy ambition for God's glory and for the salvation of the world, they would have quite a different side of character developed in their children. But many people think they are wiser than God; they develop one side, and they leave the other side untouched, until there is hardly any spiritual capacity left when they come to maturer years.—*The Christian*

CARD PLAYING AT HOME.

Playing cards for "pastime" or as an "innocent amusement" soon becomes a passion, and when once fixed a man will forego home, family, business, and pleasure, and suffer the loss of his all for the exciting scenes of the card-table.

That accomplished writer, the late Dr. Holland, of Springfield, Mass., said: "I have all my days had a card-playing community open to my observation, and I am yet unable to believe that that which is the universal resort of the starved in soul and intellect, which has never in any way linked to itself tender, elevating, or beautiful associations—the tendency of which is to unduly absorb the attention from more weighty matters, can recommend itself to the favor of Christ's disciples. The presence of culture and genius may embellish, but can never dignify it."

"I have this moment," said Dr. Holland "ringing in my ears the dying injunction of my father's early friend, 'Keep your son from cards. Over them I have murdered time and lost heaven.'" Fathers and mothers, keep your sons from cards in the "home circle." What must a good angel think of a mother at the prayer-meeting asking prayers for the conversion of her son whom she allowed to remain at home playing cards for "pastime?"—*Advocate.*

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

The minister of a fashionable church once preached a beautiful sermon on this subject. He drew the picture of a very beautiful heaven. We would walk in sunlit groves, by the music of waterfalls and gaze out upon Amaranthine fields.

And then, too, "we shall know each other there," said the minister, and then added there'll be no strangers in the New Jerusalem; we'll all be friends."

"Beautiful!" said Deacon Sham, as he trotted down the aisle.

"A lovely sermon!" said Miss Simpkins, as she put her bony hand into the minister's. She was stopped by a poor mechanic, who came up and addressed the preacher:

"Mr.——, I am glad we shall recognize each other up there."

"Yes," said the minister, "it is one of the greatest consolations of our religion."

"Well, I'm right glad we shall know each other. It will be a great change though; for I have attended your church for over four years, and none of the members of this society have recognized me yet. But—we shall all know each other there."

Question Corner.—No. 17.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Where do we find the expression, "a mother in Israel?"
2. Whose spear was equal in weight to three hundred shekels of brass?
3. Who slew eighty-five priests at the command of Saul?
4. Who smote the Philistines until his hand was weary.
5. Who slew a lion in a pit in time of snow, and killed an Egyptian with his own spear?
6. When was David permitted to choose one of three kinds of punishment?

BIBLE STUDIES.

One of the most highly esteemed and celebrated trees among the ancients. It has spreading, crooked branches, bright green leaves, white flowers with four petals, and a small egg-shaped berry containg a smooth nut. It is said by a Jewish historian that a famous queen introduced it into a certain locality near the junction of the River Jordan and the Dead Sea. A Scottish traveller and writer thinks that it was imported a thousand years earlier. The products of the tree are small and valuable. A certain conqueror of the country where it grows ordered a tribute of three pounds' weight to be sent annually to his capital. A prophet of the Old Testament speaks of this substance.

What is the tree?

Who was the Jewish historian?

What queen and what place do I allude to?

Who was the Scottish writer?

What valuable commodity does the tree produce?

To what conqueror do I refer?

To what capital?

To what prophet?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 15.

DOUBLE SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.—1. Jabal. 2. Abner. 3. Chuza. 4. Hur. 5. Ignorance. 6. Nathan. 7. Asp. 8 Nabal. 9. Daniel. 10. Barachel. 11. Omega. 12. Abiathar. 13. Zaccheus. Primals Jacin and Boaz. Finals. Brazen pillars.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from—Lillian A. Greene, A. Coburn, Clara E. Folsom, and Eleanor McPhedran.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

[From Westminster Question Book.]

LESSON XII.

Sept. 16, 1883.] [1 Sam. 1:21-28.

A PRAYING MOTHER.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 26-28.

21. And the man Elkanah, and all his house went up to offer unto the Lord the yearly sacrifice, and his vow.

22. But Hannah went not up; for she said unto her husband, I will not go up until the child be weaned, and then I will bring him, that he may appear before the Lord, and there abide for ever.

23. And Elkanah her husband said unto her, Do what seemeth thee good; tarry until thou have weaned him; only the Lord establish his word. So the woman abode, and gave her son suck until she weaned him.

24. And when she had weaned him, she took him up with her, with three bullocks, and one ephah of flour, and a bottle of wine, and brought him unto the house of the Lord in Shiloh: and the child was young.

25. And they slew a bullock, and brought the child to Eli.

26. And she said, Oh my lord, as thy soul liveth, my lord, I am the woman that stood by thee here, praying unto the Lord.

27. For this child I prayed: and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him:

28. Therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord. And he worshipped the Lord there.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"I have lent him to the Lord: as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord."—1 SAM. 1:28.

TOPIC.—A Picture of a Godly Mother.

LESSON PLAN.—1. TRAINING HER CHILD AT HOME, VS. 21-23. 2. DEDICATING HIM TO THE LORD, VS. 24-28.

Time.—B.C. 1171. Place.—Ramah and Shiloh.

INTRODUCTORY.

The first book of Samuel contains the history of the Israelites from the birth of Samuel to the death of Saul. At the close of the period of the judges the civil authority was united with the spiritual in the person of Eli, who was high priest (1:9) as well as judge in Israel (4:18). He resided at the tabernacle in Shiloh, and was assisted in the discharge of his duties by his sons Hophni and Phinehas. During the time of his administration Samuel was born. His mother had vowed that if the Lord would give her a son, she would give him unto the Lord all the days of his life (v. 11). At his birth she called his name Samuel ("heard of God,") in grateful acknowledgment that God had heard her prayer. How this praying mother fulfilled her vow we learn in this lesson.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 21. WENT TO OFFER UNTO THE LORD—at Shiloh, where the tabernacle had remained since the time of Joshua. AND HIS VOW—the solemn expression of his concurrence in Hannah's vow. V. 22. HANNAH WENT NOT UP—men only were required to attend the solemn feasts (Ex. 23:17) but Hannah, like other pious women, was in the habit of going; now she thought it best to remain at home until her son was of a proper age for her to fulfil her vow. V. 23. THE LORD ESTABLISH HIS WORD—complete his work by accepting as his servant all his days the child given in answer to prayer. V. 24. WHEN SHE HAD WEANED HIM—this might be after he had reached his third year, or even later. THREE BULLOCKS—the Old Testament in Greek reads "a bullock of three years." Some suppose that there were three bullocks, one for each year of the child's life, and that they were used for the three greater sacrifices—the burnt, sin and thank offerings. ONE EPHAH OF FLOUR—for a meat—that is, food—offering. Lev. 2:1-11. A BOTTLE OF WINE—to be poured out with the meat offering. With this sacrifice of thanksgiving Hannah presented herself and her child before Eli. V. 26. AND SHE SAID—standing in the very place where she had prayed, with her child in her arms or at her side, she made herself known to Eli, and for the first time revealed to him the burden of her prayer. V. 27. THE LORD HATH GIVEN ME MY PETITION—has heard and answered my prayer. V. 28. THEREFORE—she gladly and promptly renews her vow. LENT HIM TO THE LORD—margin reading, "returned him, whom I have obtained by petition, to the Lord."

TEACHINGS:

1. God hears the prayers of parents for their children.
2. Parents may make promises for their children according to the will of God.
3. They should thankfully acknowledge his mercies and promptly fulfil their vows.
4. They should dedicate their children to the Lord from their birth.
5. A praying mother is a precious blessing.

LESSON XIII.

Sept. 23, 1883.] [1 Sam. 3:1-19.

THE CHILD SAMUEL.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 10-13.

1. And the child Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli. And the word of the Lord was precious in those days; there was no open vision.

2. And it came to pass at that time, when Eli was laid down in his place, and his eyes began to wax dim, that he could not see;

3. And ere the lamp of God went out in the temple of the Lord, where the ark of God was, and Samuel was laid down to sleep;

4. That the Lord called Samuel: and he answered, Here am I.

5. And he ran unto Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou calledst me. And he said, I called not; lie down again. And he went and lay down.

6. And the Lord called yet again, Samuel. And Samuel arose and went to Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou didst call me. And he answered, I called not, my son; lie down again.

7. Now Samuel did not yet know the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him.

8. And the Lord called Samuel again the third time. And he arose and went to Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou didst call me. And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child.

9. Therefore Eli said unto Samuel, Go, lie down; and it shall be, if he call thee, that thou shalt say, Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth. So Samuel went and lay down in his place.

10. And the Lord came, and stood, and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered, Speak; for thy servant heareth.

11. And the Lord said to Samuel, Behold, I will do a thing in Israel, at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle.

12. In that day I will perform against Eli all things which I have spoken concerning his house: when I begin, I will also make an end.

13. For I have told him that I will judge his house for ever for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not.

14. And therefore I have sworn unto the house of Eli, that the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offering for ever.

15. And Samuel lay until the morning, and opened the doors of the house of the Lord. And Samuel feared to show Eli the vision.

16. Then Eli called Samuel, and said, Samuel, my son. And he answered, Here am I.

17. And he said, What is the thing that the Lord hath said unto thee? I pray thee hide it not from me: God do so to thee, and more also, if thou hide any thing from me, of all the things that he said unto thee.

18. And Samuel told him every whit, and hid nothing from him. And he said, It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good.

19. And Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth."—1 SAM. 3:9.

TOPIC.—A Picture of a Godly Child.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE CHILD CALLED, VS. 1-10. 2. THE MESSAGE GIVEN, VS. 11-14. 3. THE MESSAGE DELIVERED, VS. 15-19.

Time.—B.C. 1160. Place.—Shiloh, at the tabernacle of the Lord.

INTRODUCTORY.

While Samuel was yet very young he was entrusted to the care of Eli and began to assist in the services of the sanctury (2:11), clothed in an official robe (2:18). Josephus says he was twelve years old when he received the call to the prophetic office and the first message from the Lord, of which we are to study in this lesson. (Compare Luke 2:42).

LESSON NOTES.

V. 1. MINISTERED—performed such duties as were suited to his age. God accepts the services of children. THE WORD OF THE LORD WAS PRECIOUS—there were few revelations from God. NO OPEN VISION—no open appearances or audible voice; no publicly accredited prophet to whom the people might go to know the will of God. V. 2. ELI WAS LAID DOWN IN HIS PLACE—in an appartment built for his use near the tabernacle, not in it. V. 3. THE LAMP OF GOD—the portion of the gold lampstand which held lamps partly filled with oil, which were suffered to burn out. WAS NOT YET PUT OUT—this indicates that it was not yet morning, and probably was before midnight. IN THE TEMPLE—the tabernacle. SAMUEL WAS LAID DOWN—near Eli. THE LORD CALLED SAMUEL—probably from the holy place, near which both Samuel and Eli were lying. HERE AM I—all should thus promptly answer when God calls. V. 5. HE RAN UNTO ELI—supposing the voice was his. V. 7. DID NOT YET KNOW THE LORD—did not yet recognize Jehovah as the one speaking. NEITHER WAS THE WORD OF THE LORD YET REVEALED TO HIM—he was not yet accustomed to receive such communications from God. V. 8. ELI PERCEIVED—was convinced that the call came from God. Certain that it would be repeated the fourth time, he told Samuel what to answer. V. 10. THE LORD CAME AND STOOD—before, the voice appeared to come from a distance; now the sound was as if the speaker stood close beside him. There may have been some divine appearance. SPEAK; FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH—is listening with purpose to heed and obey. V. 11. SHALL TINGLE—with astonishment and fear, as when a loud noise suddenly strikes upon the ear. V. 12. WHICH I HAVE SPOKEN—by the prophet (ch. 2:29). BEGIN....END—what God begins, whether in mercy or judgment, he finishes. V. 13. THE INIQUITY WHICH HE KNOWETH—he was not ignorant of the wicked course of his sons. MADE THEMSELVES VILE—profaning the sanctuary of God by their vile conduct, even when they were ministering as priests. RESTRAINED THEM NOT—as he should have done, both as a father and as high priest. V. 14. SHALL NOT BE PURGED—terrible punishment shall come upon them, and his family shall be cut off from the priesthood. V. 15. FEARED—to give pain and sorrow to his beloved teacher. V. 16. ELI CALLED SAMUEL—anxious to know what God had revealed to the child and hidden from him. V. 18. IT IS THE LORD—Jehovah, my God and King. LET HIM DO WHAT SEEMETH HIM GOOD—the submission of sincere penitence and piety. If anything seems good to God, it must be good, however painful to us.

TEACHINGS:

1. Children should love and serve the Lord.
2. God gives special honor to early piety.
3. The Lord calls those whom we would employ in his service.
4. Children should heed and obey the admonition of parents.
5. Judgments will come on parents who do not restrain their children.

REVIEW.

LESSON XIV.

Sept. 30, 1883.] [Josh. 1:1—1 Sam. 3:19.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you."—Josh. 23:14.

Singing

Lesson I *Supt.*—What did the Lord say to Joshua?

School.—Moses my servant is dead; now therefore arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them. 1:2.

Supt.—What encouraging promise did the Lord give Joshua?

School.—As I was with Moses, so will I be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. 1:5.

II. *Supt.*—What command was given to the priests who bore the ark?

School.—When ye are come to the brink of the water of Jordan, ye shall stand still in Jordan. 3:8.

Supt.—What did the Israelites do?

School.—All the Israelites passed over on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jordan. 3:17.

III. *Supt.*—What feast did the Israelites keep after crossing Jordan?

School.—The children of Israel encamped in Gilgal, and kept the passover on the fourteenth day of the month at even in the plains of Jericho. 5:10.

Supt.—What took place after Joshua had marched round Jericho for seven days, as the Lord commanded?

School.—The wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city. 6:20.

IV. *Supt.*—What was the reason of the defeat of the Israelites at Ai?

School.—There is an accursed thing in the midst of thee, O Israel, thou canst not stand before thine enemies, until ye take away the accursed thing from among you. 7:13.

Supt.—How was Achan punished?

School.—All Israel stoned him with stones, and burned them with fire after they had stoned them with stones. 7:25.

Singing.

V. *Supt.*—What did Joshua do when he had placed the tribes of Mount Ebal and Gerizim?

School.—He read all the words of the law, the blessings and cursings, according to all that is written in the book of the law. 8:34.

VI. *Supt.*—For what purpose were the cities of refuge appointed?

School.—That whosoever killed any person at unawares might flee thither, and not die by the hand of the avenger of blood until he stood before the congregation. 20:9.

VII. *Supt.*—What choice did Joshua propose to the people?

School.—If it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve. 24:15.

Supt.—What was the response of the people?

School.—The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey. 24:24.

VIII. *Supt.*—What did the Israelites do after the death of Joshua and the men of that generation?

School.—They forsook the Lord, and served Baal. Judg. 2:13.

Supt.—How were they punished?

School.—The anger of the Lord was hot against Israel, and he delivered them into the hands of spoilers. Judg. 2:14.

Singing.

IX *Supt.*—What did the Lord promise Gideon?

School.—By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you, and deliver the Midianites into thine hand. Judg. 7:7.

X. *Supt.*—How did Sampson die?

School.—He took hold on the two middle pillars and he bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon all the people that were therein. Judg. 16:29, 30.

Singing.

XI. *Supt.*—What was Ruth's beautiful reply to Naomi?

School.—Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Ruth 1:16.

XII. *Supt.*—What did Hannah say to Eli about Samuel?

School.—For this child I prayed: and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him: therefore also I have lent him to the Lord. 1 Sam. 1:27, 28.

XIII. *Supt.*—What did Samuel say when the Lord called him?

School.—Speak; for thy servant heareth. 1 Sam. 3:10.

Supt.—What did Eli say when he heard the Lord's message?

School.—It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good.

Singing.

Review drill on Titles, Topics, Golden Texts, etc.

THE LORD IN ALL, AND ALL IN THE LORD.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"I had in my parish at one time," said an aged pastor, "a very wealthy man, who was also a godly man, giving liberally of his abundance to every worthy cause, and rejoicing continually in the Lord's goodness.

"Reverses came to him. He lost his property, and was obliged to enter as bookkeeper the large mercantile establishment that had once been his own. Still he was as regular as ever at church and at the prayer-meeting, spoke just as cheerfully and hopefully, and, aside from the fact that he was not able to give as largely as heretofore, there was no change whatever to be seen in him.

"'How do you keep up so?' I said to him one day; 'we all expected you to be melancholy and down-hearted, but of the two you are brighter you are more sunshiny in your demeanor than you were before your reverses.'

"'Let me tell you about it,' he said cheerfully. 'When I was rich and could have everything that heart could desire, that money could buy, I enjoyed the Lord in all things. Now that I have nothing only what I can earn from day to day, I enjoy all things in the Lord. I feel that I have more reason than ever before to rejoice, for the Lord has kept me and allowed his glorious love to pour into my soul in prosperity through the changes to which I have been subjected and now he is with me in adversity so what have I to do but to praise and glorify his name from day to day?'"—*American Messenger.*

MY COMPANY.

"I have read," said Mr. Spurgeon, "of one who dreamed a dream when in great distress of mind, about religion. He thought he stood in the outer court of heaven and he saw a glorious host marching up singing sweet hymns, and bearing the banners of victory; and they passed by him through the gate, and when they had vanished he heard in the distance sweet strains of music.

"Who are they?" he asked.

"They are the goodly fellowship of the prophets' who have gone to be with God."

"And he heaved a deep sigh as he said. "Alas, I am not one of them, and never shall be, and I cannot enter there."

By and by there came another band equally lovely in appearance, and equally triumphant, and robed in white. They passed within the portals, and again were shouts of welcome heard within.

"Who are they?"

"They are the goodly fellowship of the apostles."

"Alas," he said, "I belong not to that fellowship and I cannot enter there"

He still waited and lingered in the hope that he might yet get in; but the next multitude did not encourage him, for they were the noble army of martyrs. He could not go with them, nor wave their palm branches. He waited still and saw, that the next was a company of goodly ministers and officers of Christian churches, but he could not go with them. At last, as he walked, he saw a larger host than all the rest put together, marching and singing most melodiously, and in front walked the woman that was a sinner; and the thief that died upon the cross hard by the Saviour; and he looked long, and saw such as Manasseh and the like; and when they entered he could see who they were, and thought:

"There will be no shouting about them."

"But to his astonishment it seemed as if all heaven was rent with seven-fold shouts as they passed in. And the angels said to him:

"These are they that are mighty sinners, saved by mighty grace."

And then he said:

"Blessed be God! I can go with them."

And so he awoke.

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